

Dick DeJournette

Tapes 329-330

Interviewed by Doris Burton
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(The draft of the original tape transcription was edited by Daun and Dick DeJournette. Their additions are marked as notes. Also, there is confusion about the spelling of Collier, whether it was the usual spelling or Collyer. This transcription used the usual spelling, Collier.)

Dick DeJournette (Dick): Well, I don't know for sure what year that was, but it had to have been about 1936, and my Dad had been supposedly sending me to school. He'd been giving me a dollar a day to go to school on and buy my lunch, and instead of that I'd been spending about nine-tenths of my time down at Warren Kempton's [Pool Hall]. He'd open a poker game for fifty cents, or you could go in with him—now this is a different story than what I was telling you before—so, if you'd go in with him, you'd split what your winnings were, you know, and get a couple of chips in the bargain. So we'd get together and I was the only one who had fifty cents, and Warren would stick into his little box for a dollar. I'd get fifty cents and he'd double mine, and we had a kid, Meeker, they called him. I don't know his name, we just nicknamed him Meeker. When we were going to school and somebody else we'd get, there were four of us to start a poker game and we'd play for a little while, and I'd slip as many chips as I could off the [table] to Cec [Cecil] Massey, and when we'd got three, four or five dollars built up in Cec's pot, why we'd just cash in, and break up the game. (Laughter) That way we'd have enough money to buy us a gallon of wine. (Laughter)

DB: How old were you?

Dick: Sixteen. (Laughs)

Dick: Anyway, later on, we were starting up another poker game in a beer joint right there next to where Warren Kempton's is, about where the bank is now.

DB: That's the Brown Derby.

Dick: Yeah, it's the Brown Derby, but it wasn't called the Brown Derby then. Anyway, then Ray Roberts and all of 'em [George Erikson, Myles Hall] had... Anyway, me and Cec and this Meeker, and everything, had got all the wine, and we were full of wine, and were sitting there buggin' Ray Roberts and he starts smartin' off and wouldn't let us in his poker game. He said, "I'm wise to what you're doin' to ol' Warren over there." So. That winter the snow was deep. I mean, it snowed three or four feet and it was plenty deep snow, out there in front. So we just picked him up, and opened the door and throwed him out in the snow. (Laughter) And he was

husky, too. Then we just run like hell, you know, and boy, we didn't dare go back in there for a week. (Laughter) There's other stories you wanted me to tell.

Daun DeJournette (Daun): Oh, wait a minute, think about, there was something at Miles Hall, it was called Miles Hall.

Dick: Miles Hall, okay, what was his name? Greg Roberts. And somebody else in there, but I don't think they lasted over the winter. They just tried to scrape up enough poker games to get by that winter.

DB: I wonder what it was called then.

Dick: I don't know, or if it even had a name. I guess it wasn't still the Brown Derby, the Brown Derby was after that.

DB: Yeah, 'cause Hacking took over the Brown Derby.

Dick: Yeah, but who had that Brown Derby before Bud Hacking took over?

DB: That's just what I was wondering. I don't think I've got that.

Dick: I know one night I seen Clark Woolley was tending bar in there and somebody went smarting off, and he had about that much of a cue stick that he used for a billy club [about one foot long], and boy, he'd just about broke that, and it was heavy, over some guy's ear, and boy, he laid him low. And they drug him out of there, the old barkeep. He just about killed that guy.

DB: What was he doing?

Dick: Oh, smartin' off, and givin' him a bad time. He was drunk, you know,

DB: Was Clark runnin' a pit?

Dick: No, he was a bartender and, boy, he was pretty rough. But the one time I was in there... I have to tell you the Jackson story. Bart Jackson and his wife, he had a couple of little kids. They had been working for me over there at Brush Creek, so this time was late in the fall, and she was going to have a baby. She sent him to ask me... She wanted to go to the doctor, and I said, "Well, is it urgent? Do you have to go right now?" And she said, "Oh, no," and I said, "Well, I've got my bucks here in the corral, and I have to trim 'em up a little bit before we put 'em in the herd. Barge can help me. It will take two or three hours, if you're not in that big of a hurry." She said, "Oh, that's fine. I'll just cook some dinner while you're doing that."

So we went ahead and took care of them, and then we got ?. There was her and two or three little kids, so Bart, he rode in the back of the truck, and so I said, "Well, the road's kind of rough, but I'll get you to see the doctor as soon as we can." So, when we was in the doctor's office, it was Dr. Eskelson, but his young son was in there. So, then that doctor's office set right

along in there above Ashton's, along in there somewhere, between that and the Chalet somewhere right in there.

DB: I think I know where that was at.

Dick: So I parked right in front of the doctor's office, and she said, "Well, will you go in there with me?" And I said, "I guess I will." I looked around and Barge had jumped out of the back of the truck and was headed down the street, and it looked like he was going to the Shamrock. Left me with the woman and the two kids, and here just about time to have the... I looked down and she said, "Something's happening." Her water had broke. (Laughter) I said, "My God, woman, I don't know what to do with you, but I'll take you in there."

I said to that young Dr. Eskelson, "These people been working for me, and her husband just took off down the street, and I don't know what else to do, but take a look at her!" "Well," he said, "she's just about to have a baby." And I said, "I can't take her like this." He said, "Well, somebody's got to do it." He said, "Well, better take her home." And I said, "I don't have a home." At that time I didn't have a home. (Laughter) So, she said, "Well, take me down to Mom's." So I took her down to Mrs. Jackson's. That's what I done.

In the meantime, I went down and while she was in the doctor's office, while she sat there with her little kids, and I went and gathered him up, and I said, "What the hell did you run off for?" I said, "Your wife's about to have that baby and the doctor won't have anything to do with her."

DB: What bar was he in?

Dick: Went down to the Shamrock. So, I said, "You've got to come with me, and take her home. I told that doctor, I said, "I'll stand good for the doctor bill," but he said, "I don't want to handle it at all." So, I went and got him, and we took her down there to Mrs. Jackson. Well, Mrs. Jackson tried to help her, and she lost that baby then, see.

DB: Oh, no.

Dick: And buried it down there.

DB: Right there where Jackson...?

Dick: Yeah, down there on Ashley Creek. Well, we went along, for I guess six months, or so. I went into the Brown Derby, and there was Bart Jackson in there, all beered up, him and a bunch of his cronies was doing the town, and I walked in there, and had a beer, bought 'em all a beer. Pretty soon he come up behind me and hit me right behind the ear. He just about knocked me cuckoo, and I got up, and I said, "What the hell are you doin'?" And he said, "You caused my wife to lose that baby." And I said, "Well, I'm goin' to cause you to lose your baby, right now." And so, I just beat the sh- out of him. I was on top of him, a-poundin' away. I had lost my temper, and I said, "You G-- d-- SOB, I'm just going to beat you to death." And just about that time, somebody went to hit me over the head with her purse. I got to lookin', and it was Mrs.

Jackson, and she said, "And, he's not a SOB, I'm not a bitch." So I said, "Well, then, get your God-damned kid off me, and go away from me and leave me alone, I wasn't botherin'..."

DB: It was his mother, huh?

Dick: Yeah. I said, "It wasn't my fault, because she lost that baby." And, so we got that settled for a few minutes, and he went in and she left, her and ... went to hunt his wife up. Mrs. Jackson did. So they took Bart into the restroom, and his buddies talked him into tryin' it again. (Laughter) And he come back in, and he took another swing at [me]. I floored him that time, and I was still astraddle of him, when here comes his wife! (Laughter) I said, "Oh, sh-." I said, "Take him home, before somebody kills him." And, so, Mrs. Jackson come back in about that time, and sees it again, sees I had him down, and sittin' on him, and back then I was a pretty husky guy, and the Jacksons couldn't hardly handle me. So, the hell of it was, they all had been working for me, so Mrs. Jackson didn't... (Laughs) But, anyway, it finally cooled down, and that's the last I ever heard about it. Well, one time, when I was up in Craig [Colorado], well, Bart, he was drinking again, I walked in there, been shippin' lambs, and I was drinkin' and he started in on me.

Daun: Was that at the White Horse?

Dick: Yeah, and so I just walked off.

Daun: Tell Doris you taught him to read, too.

Dick: Yeah, the one winter, oh, I guess it was the winter before it was spoiled, several years before that, because my Dad ? Then Ben asked him to board him, through the winter, because they had been board-feeding.

DB: His dad was dead.

Dick: Yeah, and so I laid off of school that winter. I guess it must have been before the winter, before this other story I was going to tell you. But anyway, he couldn't read nor write or anything, and I always had time to sit reading. He would just listen to the radio, and he wanted to learn how to read. So I had Dad get a bunch of pencils and notebooks and stuff like that, and I put them on the table, and just like you start 'em out in the first grade, making l's and circles, and stuff like that, holding his hand, and I taught him his ABCs, and started him right from scratch. By spring, he could read pretty good. He could write his name, and he could read quite a bit. And he was pretty smart, you know, but he learned how to read and write that winter.

DB: One question I have is: Dr. Eskelson's son wasn't a doctor, was he?

Dick: Well, no, I don't think so, but Dr. Eskelson had to be gone, and I guess he was just an intern or something.

DB: Well, how come he had you take her home? How come he didn't have you take her to the hospital?

Dick: I don't know.

DB: Maybe because you just walked into his office.

Dick: Maybe because we just walked into the office, and she wasn't a patient of his, I guess, or something.

Daun: Do you know what her name was?

Dick: Lavonne, Lavonnie, Lavon, She was an Atwood. She had married to old Bob Atwood before she ever married this Jackson.

DB: Well, Bob Atwood, he went to prison.

Dick: Yeah, and she'd been married to him and she had this one little boy from him. I remember she had this little boy when they was over there that summer. And I caught him. I went up to the end of the ditch getting some water and there was a flood coming down the Jensen wash. We had a flume across there, and there that little kid was up there, and he was out there walking across that flume. There was a bunch of water as high as this ceiling a-comin' down out of there. So I just didn't say anything to him, but when I got to where I could grab him off there, I got a little willow, and boy if I didn't tan his butt clear to the house and told the mom about it. So she said, "That's good, that'll teach him somethin'" She didn't care about it.

DB: This was when she was married to Bob Atwood?

Dick: No, she was married to Barge Jackson then. Yeah, that same year. We had the problem when she was pregnant that year. But anyway, let's get talkin' back to this winter of '36, when I was supposed to be goin' to school. 'Cause my Dad, I know, because my Dad'd been givin' this dollar a day, and Earl had been out there herdin' the sheep, and anyway he took a lay off, and he come in and he seen me in there gamblin'. So he went back and told the old man, said, "He's not goin' to school, he's in there runnin' a poker game." So when old Hornet went back to town, my Dad, he showed up, and he said, "Well, if you're going to use that dollar a day to run a poker game, you might just as well be out there to Brush Creek. If that's all you want to learn how to do, pitch horse manure, why there's plenty of that out there for you to pitch. You can just work for a dollar a day out there instead of goin' to school." So, that's how I got my first job. (Laughter) Anyway, this one certain time, Taft McNaughton was runnin' this poker game...

DB: Where?

Dick: In that pool hall, belonged to Bill Collier and his daddy-in-law, Woodard.

DB: Woodard.

Dick: That pool hall was right there west of the Seven-Eleven, and there was a white house, and there was another old house that people rented.

DB: It was Veltman's house.

Dick: I don't know who, but there was a Mexican woman who lived there, but she got in trouble. What'd she get in trouble for? Some reason. But anyway, there's an alley between that house and Collier and Woodard's pool hall, that went back in there, where they'd get back behind in there, for coal wagons or something like that, but right there is where we were at, so ? and Taft ... in order to start a poker game—you gotta have somebody start it—start playin', and somebody else comes in and buys chips, and a lot of times, when they wanted a break, or wanted to go do something else, they'd let me run the box. And so, that's what we'd been doing. And this night...

DB: Now, when you say "run the box," they call that something. What...?

Dick: Well, dole out the chips, take in the money, and keep your chips straight. Keep the box straight.

DB: Like a money box?

Dick: Yeah. And they put the, had a drawer there for the money, but then you had your own, the house pile of chips. You know. And you'd sell so many, and if you win 'em, then you'd take a rake-off. And they'd always taken a rake-off out of every pot. About a five or ten percent rake-off out of every pot they won, and so there was quite a lot to runnin' that box.

DB: OK, now, when you say "rake-off," did they take it with their hand?

Dick: Well, like it's a ... Everybody'd ante – say there are six players. OK, you had to ante up one chip, an ante to start the game. And, so, if it was a big game, it'd be a dollar. A dollar ante, so that'd be six dollars, well, then, whoever opened the pot, they might open the pot for twenty dollars, see. So when it got so big, then you take ten percent for the house.

DB: OK, when you take this ten percent, did you just rake it off with your hand, or ...

Dick: No, you'd just sneakily reach in and pluck out a couple of chips.

DB: For the house?

Dick: Yes, for the house.

DB: OK, well, when you say "rake-off," I wondered – I see a rake, I wondered if they had a little stick, or if they just take it.

Dick: No, just with your hand, just take a couple of chips, for the house. And if there's any big bets then you take more, two more, you know, it'd all depend on how big the pot got. So,

anyway, this night, as well as I can remember, there was a guy by the name of Hal Norgard. He was a high roller, and he owned them coal mines up at Coal Mine Basin at the time. And there was Bill Stringham, and he lived up in Maeser by the Hackings on the old Stringham place. He lived right there.

DB: Where Bill Stringham lived?

Dick: Where Billy Stringham lived. At the time, I think Bill Stringham lived there. But anyway, he'd been to town selling a bunch of pigs, and he'd been spending his money there that night according to what his wife said. I remember him and Frank Wightman, we called him "Pipe" Wightman, because he always had a crooked-stem pipe in his mouth. And Pipe eventually got a cancer on his lip.

Daun: Tell Doris who he was. He was Myrtle Ross's brother and also a brother of Blanche Smith's mother.

Dick: Yes, and he was related to Mrs. Seeley over there.

Daun: Blanche Smith. [Blanche Smith was Ern Seeley's daughter.]

DB: Oh.

Daun: Frank Wightman. Myrtle Ross is Uncle Keith's mother, and Frank Wightman was her brother.

Dick: Yeah. And weren't they related to Seeley's wife?

Daun: Yeah. Seeley's, Blanche Seeley's, mother was a Wightman.

Dick: Seeley's mother was a Wightman. Yeah. And Frank Wightman always was a-herdin' sheep for everybody on round on Diamond Mountain. He worked for my dad, and he worked for Reeder's, and –

Daun: He wasn't on the Smith's side, though.

Dick: He was just a regular sheep-herder, he worked for everybody. And then there was Leo Searle. Now, he was a brother to Mary's [Mary Searle Siddoway] dad. Only he wasn't religious or anything, and he was married to, I don't know, it seems like he was always gamblin'. And I remember them, and it seems like there was somebody else. But anyway, me and Ken—and Ken Massey had been in there—and Drew, and I'd just got through runnin' the box when Hunt come back, and Taft McNaughton was there and he had just an old chair or something like that, antique from the ? that you have.

Anyway, he was propped up, you know how you lean up against the wall, with just the hind legs on the ground there. There was quite a few out in the front, drinkin' beer, and so me

and Ken Massey just got out of the poker room. So he said, "Let's play a game of pool." And there was about three pool tables sittin' there. And we was on that end one closest to the card room. And we just started shootin' pool, and here, them swingin' doors broke loose, and here comes Bill Stringham's wife, chargin' down through the center of the building. And boy, she was a screamin' at the top of her lungs, and wantin' to know if Bill Stringham was in the house, and I don't know if anybody ever said yes or no, or whatever, but she just kept right on comin'. And, man, she went in that poker room, and the first thing she done, she started cussin' Bill Stringham, and everybody had a lot of chips, and you know on a poker table they always had one of them green covers on, you know.

[Note: This was at Collier and Woodard's, about 67 East Main. They had a long bar and served beer, both draft and in bottles, and four pool tables. The poker room was in the back. This night Dick had been running the box for Hunt. There were Taft McNaughton, Frank Wightman, Don Hacking, Leo Searle and Bill Stringham.]

DB: Felt.

Dick: Like a pool table cover, felt cover, and she grabbed that and she just dumped chips off on everybody that was in there, and dumped chips all over, and was really cussin' and raisin' hell, and as she went out the door she kicked that chair that old Taft McNaughton was leaning back on, and, boy, he went right down on his head and shoulder.

DB: Now, was he in the pool room?

Dick: He was leaning on a chair in the card room. And, so, when she come out of there, she looked at me and Ken Massey, and started cussin' us, and so we kind of got around her, and she got back to the ..

[End of side one.]

Dick: So when she got back out of there after causin' all that ruckus in that card room, why she went by me and Ken Massey, and I guess we probably had all our balls into our pool pockets when she got out to that part of the table and there was a rack of pool balls there, and then she just started slinging pool balls. I don't know how come she didn't bust all the mirrors that was in that house, but she never thought of that, she just started throwing at those guys that was trying to get out of that card room. Frank Wightman, he got by her some way and I'll tell you what, he run out that door full blast! (Laughter)

Oh, we had a hell of a laugh over that right after it was all through with, and it took 'em quite a while to get their chips straightened out. I don't know just how they accomplished that, but it was up to Taft and Hunt and the players to determine how many chips they had in front of 'em.

After a while ol' Frank, he come sneaking back in there. We said, "How come, Frank, how come you were runnin' so fast? That woman wasn't goin' to hurt you, she wasn't after you." He said, "By God," he said, "I had a woman shoot at me once," and he said, "I wasn't goin' to take no chances. I don't want no woman shootin' at me!" (Laughter) He didn't take no chances, he really was a runnin'.

DB: I asked you what happened to the Stringhams, and you told me a good thing about the hogs.

Daun: When Wallace and Ben Morrison...

Dick: Evidently, Bill Stringham had been selling these pigs that day at a sale or somewhere and had his money and was down there and wanted in on that poker game. His wife found out about it and here she come and boy, she was gettin' him out of there in a hurry. I don't think he lost all his money, but he probably lost quite a bit of it. You don't usually go in them gamblin' joints and get very rich. (Laughter)

Daun: Didn't you tell about Wallace Siddoway and Don Hacking, and you and Wallace, and about a cinch?

Dick: Yeah, when Wallace Siddoway passed the cinch into me, when we was in the Shamrock, then, and I don't remember who all was playing, Wallace had a big pile of chips, and he never did stack his chips, he always just gathered them up around him, and then Ben Morrison, and...

Daun: Don Hacking, you said.

Dick: ...and JDon Hacking, and I can't remember all who was playing, and I set down and started playing. I had won several pots, and had started getting pretty lucky, and I had a good hand. I don't remember whether I had three kings or whatever it was, and I made a pretty good bet, and I think I had three kings, and he had a couple of aces showin', and then he passed 'em so naturally I thought I had him beat. So I think I bet about a hundred dollars, and when it was over, he showed me another ace he'd had in the hole, and he'd passed the cinch in to me. So I said to him, "Well, you must be pretty hard up, to pass the cinch in to somebody you'd known all your life and supposed to be a friend," I said, "You're a hell of a friend," I said, "There'll be a time come when maybe I'll get even with you some way."

And so, it went on for a while, and he was in there and he was gettin' pretty loaded. He just throws his chips in and bluffs you all over the place, everything he could with money, you know. This other time, I had the cinch that time, so I passed it, and he dumped a whole bunch of chips in there, and three hundred dollars. I turned over my best hand, and passed it to him, and Ben was with him, old Ben was always there with him, "See, I told you they could get even with you!" (Laughs)

Daun: You told about how Wallace had played all his...

Dick: They never did stack their chips, my Dad or Wallace or Siddoway never did stack their chips, they never did rack their chips like everybody else, they always just gathered them up in a big bunch, then when they wanted to bet, they'd just push out a whole bunch of 'em, you know, enough to scare everybody else out of the call. That's the way they played.

Daun: But you told her how you racked them up in front of where you'd sit, where the drawer was.

Dick: Yeah. You asked me how the box worked, how they stacked 'em? Well, they had a rack, it was, oh, six or eight inches long, so twenty-five dollar chips went in one slot, and then, five dollar chips, and ten dollar chips, dollar chips, and quarter chips, and that way they could keep 'em separate. Anybody'd come in, if they'd want to buy a certain amount, it was easy to get to 'em. They had a drawer, where you put your money, and it was there right in front of you. Lots of times a game was busy, and the house man, the house man's not supposed to play too much, you know, compete against the other players too much, the house man is supposed to more or less just sit there and keep the game straight, and take rake-off. And usually that's ten percent, rake-off. If there's two hundred dollars in the pot, why then you'd take twenty or thirty dollars back off for the house. But, a lot of times the house man would get a good hand, and he could play just as well as the others, but most generally the house man was supposed to just sit there and keep the cards straight. There's a lot of different times that...

DB: Cheated?

Dick: People'd be a-cheatin', and you're supposed to watch for that, and a lot of different things you have to watch for, in a poker deal.

DB: Now, what did that guy get paid?

Dick: Who?

DB: The guy that ran the game.

Dick: Well, the owners, like Hunt Watkins...

DB: Now, did he get the ten percent, or what?

Dick: They'd keep it just for them, but if I was runnin' it for 'em, they'd give me about ten dollars.

DB: That's what I was wondering, what the guy that ran it for 'em got out of it.

Dick: I never did run a poker game that was high powered, because they didn't dare take a chance on a young kid like me, buckin' up against some of them real poker hands, because if I lost a bunch of their money, they'd feel pretty bad about it. But if they wanted to take a rest for a little while, or somethin', go to the restroom, or whatever, they'd call on me, or they'd do like I told you me and Cec would with Warren Kempton, when we'd pull little shenanigans on him. But I seen Mick Abplanalp one time, up there they's runnin' a poker game, up there, that's when Woodard had changed places and was up at the other end of town [by Rexall Drug].

Doris: Where the old bowling alley was—up where MarElla's is, up in that area. [Approximately 100 West Main Street.]

Dick: Yeah. So him and Joe Massey... Joe Massey was a card sharp, and he never did play an honest game. There was always something crooked with him, and [Marion] Mick Abplanalp, he was just about as bad, he'd let his little finger grow way out there with a long fingernail. (Laughter) And that there he'd scratch, he'd mark the cards with. (Laughter) So, they got into a dispute, and Joe Massey thought he was quite a fighter, so they called each other out, in the alley. Just as they went out to the alley, old Joe Massey took a swing at Mick, and Mick hit him in the ribs and broke his ribs. And that was the fight. Well, after that, I married into the Masseys, and ol' Mick Abplanalp was workin' for my dad, up there, and she didn't like Mick at all. She said, "He's the one that broke my dad's ribs." (Laughter)

Daun: Now you've got to go back to the Hunt's, and the ten thousand...

Dick: Oh, back in Don Hacking's furniture store. We didn't get that on the first tape?

DB: No.

Dick: Well, anyway, we'd been gambling over there in the Brown Derby or Shamrock, and playing cards. We had to close up at 11 o'clock, I think. the law would close you down if you stayed too long. So again, they hadn't got through gamblin', so they decided to start a crap game over there in Don Hacking's furniture store. I remember Dee Chivers, because when I got all the cash money and stuck it in my pocket, he kept score for us, on one of them cardboard things that Don had in there, that freight or something, that he kept score on. Then Don Hacking, Slat Watkins, and Dee Chivers, and Hunt Watkins, and it seemed like somebody else, but I can't remember, anyway, I got lucky and got all the cash. I won all the cash that everybody had, and started to keepin' score on this here piece of pasteboard.

Don Hacking run up six hundred dollars. Then he said, "I don't dare go any higher than that." So I said, "Well, I guess I'll have to take it out in furniture or something, someday, and you'll pay me when you get it." Anyway, so me and Hunt kept shootin' dice, and we run it up to ten thousand dollars he owed me. I was shootin' a thousand dollars a flop, and so when it come to ten thousand, why I told him, I said, "I'm through. I'm just goin' to take my ten thousand and I've got all the rest of it, and quit." And he said, " Well, it looks like you'd give me a chance to get even. You've got all the rest of the money from everybody. You should give me a chance to get even." And I said, "Well, you wouldn't give me a chance, to do that, but I will you." And so I throwed the dice and crapped out, and so he got even.

When the time come... In the meantime, my house burned down, over there on Brush Creek, and I needed some furniture. So I went and got some linoleum and bed springs and a few things that I needed over there, and, no, I take it back, my house hadn't burned down, but I wanted that furniture, so I took it over there and piled it on the porch, at Brush Creek.

DB: The new or the old?

Dick: The new furniture. And I piled it on the porch. Before I could get a chance to clean it out and put that new furniture in, my house burned down. And all that furniture burned up. That's the way it went.

But anyway, when it come time to settle up, he'd just put it on a slip, and he didn't want his wife to know that he'd gambled any of that money away there, so he put it there that I owed. It looked like that I owed the six hundred dollars, see. So when he died, when they went to look at his books, there was my six hundred dollars that I owed. And I told Don's wife about it, and I said to Hunt, I said, "You can verify it." I said, "You was there." And him nor Dee Chivers nor any of 'em, they said, oh, they didn't want to get mixed up in it. And Watkins said, "Oh, he left her in such bad shape, and she's such a good friend of Minnie's, and everything, and she needs that money so bad," he said, "that I won't go against her. You don't need that money that bad." So I never did get that money. She was going to take me to court and get it, so I just sat down there and wrote her a check for it. That's when Hunt lost my respect and friendship.

DB: So you lost twelve hundred instead of six hundred.

Dick: Yes.

Daun: Tell about going to Salt Lake.

Dick: Yeah. We'd been out there, and he wanted me to go to Salt Lake with him, and so, we went out there to see his girlfriend, he had a special girlfriend. So he went out there on a university lawn or something. He come up missin'. The next mornin' his keys was gone, his billfold was gone, and, oh, he was in a hell of a shape, so we went back out there lookin' around, and I said, "Well, you was over at a certain place, I know," so we went over there and sure enough we found his billfold and his keys, and all his junk that he'd lost.

So we started back to Vernal, and we'd been drinkin' a little, and he wanted to stop at Myton. He'd got a good friend down there in that beer joint, gamblin' place. I'd never been down there, didn't know what we was gettin' mixed up in. We got in there and had a few beers. Anyway they broke out the dice, and started in a game, and I'll be damned if I didn't win five to six hundred dollars from that guy that owned the place. And he said, "You're too damned lucky for me." So I won five hundred dollars from old Hunt, and he said, "Well, what about my horse?" He'd been after me all summer and spring to buy that horse for five hundred dollars. And I said, "The horse is not worth it." And he said, "Take it home with you." So, I said, "But I'm not paying you five hundred dollars for that horse." Anyway, he said, "Well, you wouldn't even let me put the horse up against... You won the five hundred dollars, why don't you let me put my horse up against the five hundred dollars and try to get me even?" And I said okay, you know, 'try this one more time,' and this time I won more. So, I got his five hundred dollars and his horse anyway.

Daun: I think that's probably about Joe.

Dick: Joe Massey, didn't I?

DB: I don't believe we got that one, did we?

Daun: You told about Joe Massey to start with this time, didn't you? I think, didn't he, Troy?

Dick: One day I walked into... See, I can't think of his name. Bill Collier's...

Daun: Woodard.

DB: Woodard.

Dick: Woodard. Woodard run that joint up the street, that pool hall that was there before...

DB: Across from the old post office there?

Dick: Yeah, across the street from the post office. And, Mick, he'd been workin' for me off and on for a long time, but he'd get them shakes, you know, and he'd pass out and...

DB: Mick who?

Dick: Mick Abplanalp. And, he'd have an epileptic spell. So, I walked in. I hadn't seen Mick for quite a long time, and he'd been in there, like I say, in the back room runnin' a poker game. Well, he'd come out, and I hadn't seen him for quite a while, and I was talkin' with him, and I said, "Let's have a beer." We had the beer, and all of a sudden, he went to foammin' at the mouth, and a-shakin' and a- carryin' on, and fell over, and just like he was dead, you know. Somebody said, "Oh, my God, he's dyin'." And I said, "That SOB is not dyin'. I've seen this happen before." I said, "Just bring me some beer, some cold beer or something, and I'll wake him up."

So, they brought me a cold glass of water, and I throwed that in his face and shook him, and he started to gaspin' and gettin' his air, come out of it all right, and, oh, he said, "I'm sorry." He said, "Every once in a while I have one of them spells," he said. And I said, "I know all about it. I went through that. It's how come you're workin' here at Bill Collier's instead of for me."

And I'll have to tell you several stories on that. Mick Abplanalp with his epileptic spells. I took him out there once. Ol' Earl "Hornet," [Earl DeJournette was Dick's brother] was herdin' the sheep, and it was the spring of the year, and well, the sheep was scattered, he told me, so I said, "Well, maybe I better send ol' Mick out. He's wantin' a job." And he said, "Well, I guess if you send him out here he'll be drunk and it'll take a quart or two to sober him up. So don't send him out here without somethin' to drink." So, I took him out there with a quart and left him, and went back in a couple of days, and Hornet said, "You get that SOB out of this camp, right now," he said, "or I'm goin' to leave him. I'm goin' to leave him with these sheep and I'm goin' to town." He said, "I don't want no more to do with him." He said, "All he does is fall off his horse and have them crazy fits, and act like he's dyin', and then go to runnin' around half nuts all the time." And he said, "Get him away from here. I don't want no more to do with him." So, I took him to town.

The very next year, why, that's when me and my Dad, he said, "I've had all the sheep business I want, if you want to buy my sheep, I'll sell you my part of the sheep." So, he laid off a year, and in the meantime, why, he come and he said, "I want to help you. I'm tired of livin' in

town alone, in that hotel.” So, I’d just traded for a new horse, and I said, “Well, I’ve just traded for a new horse, and maybe you’d like him. I want you try him out.” We had the sheep right there by the ranch land, and pretty soon, here come the old man back, whippin’ that horse on both sides with his lariat, he said, “If you want me to work for you, you’ve got to get me a horse better than this. That SOB has been bed-rocked.” He said, “I wouldn’t have that horse on the place if it belonged to me. But get me a horse that I can ride.” And I said, “Well, I’ll give you your old horse back, then. I don’t want you to be on foot.”

So, anyway, we went out and moved the sheep over towards Black Mountain, and I said, “Well, you probably need some help. Maybe I’d better send Mick. He’s in town, and been on a drunk and wantin’ a job again. Maybe I’d better send him out to help you.” So wasn’t long until here he come. It was about five miles, over there toward Black Mountain, down through Brush Creek, here come the old man as hard as he could come off his horse, and he said, “Call the coroner, or the sheriff, Mick died out there.” He said, “I seen him fall off his horse, and I went over there and he’s deader’n hell.” And he said, “Call the sheriff.” And I said, “No, I’m not callin’ the sheriff at all. I’m goin’ to go back with you and take a look before I call the sheriff, because I think Mick’s probably just havin’ one of his spells.” “No, he’s not havin’ a spell, he’s dead. I tell you, call the sheriff.” And I said, “No, I’ll go back with you and we’ll look. And then there’ll be plenty of time to haul him into town. If he’s dead he’ll be dead for a long time.” So, I said, “We’ll just go back and look.”

We went back, and there he was, crawlin’ around on his hands and knees, and I said, “See.” “Oh,” he said, “that SOB.” (Laughter) He said, “I’ve seen dead men before,” and he said, “He was dead, when I left there.” And I said, “Well, he’s come to life.” So, all we need to do is go back to camp and get him a good big drink, and he’ll be all right. “No,” he said, “You take him with you. Get him away from here. I don’t want to have to worry about that. I’ll herd the sheep myself.” And so I took Mick, and helped him, and got him on his horse, and I said, “Well, maybe I better take you back to town.”

DB: Now, Hornet, that’s your brother?

Dick: Yeah. And so, I took Mick back to town.

Daun: That was one of the stories I had wrote down for him to tell you.

Dick: Yeah, and another time, I was headin’ over there to the ranch, and I forget now who was with me, but here come Lonzo Atwood, and two, three or four guys, and they had ol’ Mick with ‘em, and he’d been to town, and he was still on them trips that he takes, them epileptic spells. He’d just go plum out of his mind and didn’t know what he was doin’. Anyway, Mick got out of the car, and Lonzo Atwood and all them old trappers, I don’t know who he had in the car, but, Lonzo said, “We come over here to see those lions that Mick’s got tied up in the barn.” (Laughter) I said, “The lions?” “Yeah,” he said, “Mick’s got some lions tied up in the barn, but he said you won’t let him have ‘em.” “Oh,” I said, “this is one of them kind of deals, is it?” And I said, “Where is Mick?” “He’s in the car.” And I said, “Get him out here.”

They got him out, and I said, “What lions are you talkin’ about, Mick?” “Oh, you know, those lions that I brought down here. And you just locked ‘em up in that barn out there,” he said, “and you won’t let me have ‘em.” I turned to Lonzo Atwood, and I said, “Now you get that SOB

out of here, and you get him out of here quick, before I ring his neck. I've listened to him for five years of the same BS ." I said, "If there's any lions in here, you go search 'em out yourself. I'm scared maybe one of 'em might eat me if I go out there." I said, "Mick's havin' another one of his big stories." I said, "He's just havin' an epileptic. Give him another shot of whiskey and he'll be okay." And oh, I said, "But you get him out of here, take him and go." And so, they loaded him up and left. But he said, "I had never heard tell of such a thing. Five lions tied up in this barn." (Laughter).

Daun: Did you tell...

Dick: Another story about Mick, I don't know why I kept puttin' up with him, he was all right when he was sober, but his brother Orvil, and his wife, Amy, were lambin' some sheep out there towards Rainbow Park. Anyway, so the trapper committee here in Vernal said that...

[End of side two.]

Tape 330

Dick: Ralph Siddoway and all these local sheepmen decided they wanted to hire a coyote trapper for a month in the spring to get rid of some of those coyote dens on the mountain. I said, "Mick Abplanalp is the best den hunter that I know of. If you want to give him a job. I'll furnish him his camp. I'm right out there. I'll fix him up with a tent or wagon or something." They said, "Okay, we'll pay him for a month." So I took Mick up there and fixed him a tent under the mountain.

That Orvil Abplanalp, his brother, and his wife, were camped right down there by the McKee Spring [located toward Rainbow Park, on the Island Park road], and I was holdin' the tail end of my sheep that was lambin'. I had already took the rest to the mountain. I said to Orvil, "Be sure you keep your eye on Mick. He has been to town and is likely to have one of his spells." Orvil didn't have much more sense than Mick when he was sober—he was lazier than hell. That little woman of his did all the work, all the wood choppin', and herdin' the sheep. All he did was sit there in camp and smoke. Anyway, he went up there to see if Mick was all right. He [Mick] popped up out of the sagebrush without any clothes on, runnin' around without any clothes on. Tried to run him down, got away from him.

Almost everyday I'd come out there from the ranch to check up and see what was goin' on. Orvil said, "You better go up there and see if you can round up Mick. He's up there runnin' around with out any clothes on". I went up there and found him. All he had was just a shirt on when I found him. I said, "Ah, Mick, I've got to haul you to town. A sheepman can't take all this. I don't know what we're ever gonna do with you." I loaded him up and hauled him to town, and paid for his room there. I don't know what he did. I guess he went back to the pool hall or something.

DB: There is one story, I don't know if we have it on here. It is the one where you said two men went out the back room of Colliers.

[Note: Woodard's was located just east of the old Rexall Drug, between Rexall and where the Chalet is now, 67 West Main. L.H. Woodard had the pool hall first. Bill Collier married Woodard's daughter, Sybil. They went into the sheep business together on Lower Pot Creek. Sold the sheep business and went back to pool hall business. They always kept one pool hall going even when in the sheep business.]

Dick: Mick Abplanalp was runnin' the poker game back there in Woodard's and Joe Massey was in the game. He always was a crook when it came to playin' cards. He was always dealin' from the bottom. This time Mick Abplanalp decided he do a little trickery hisself. So, he had grew his little fingernail real long, so he could scratch the cards and mark 'em. Anyway, they got into a mixup over their card game, and they weren't allowed to fight in the poker room, so they ordered each other out to the back. Just as they went out the back door Massey whirled around and took a swing at Mick, and Mick ducked him and hit him in the ribs and broke his ribs. Down he went, ya know that ended their fight. At the time, I was married to that Massey girl, Joe's daughter. So, my dad hired Mick to go up there and herd the sheep. She said, "Who is that?" and I said, "Mick Abplanalp." And she said, "Oh, he's the man that broke my dad's ribs. I don't like him at all."

DB: Tell me about the Thirst Parlor. About when you owned it.

Dick: I bought it from John Jorgensen. Bought all his stock and things in there and took in Bus Eldridge as my partner. Al Hatch said to me, "If you was gonna be in the beer parlor business, why didn't you ask me? You could have come in here with me, and Hunt, and Ennis Hatch in the Shamrock instead of Bus runnin' competition." I said, "Well, we probably won't make much anyway."

It was a hard winter and I was busy feedin' the sheep, haulin' corn and stuff out there to them. Somebody said, "How you comin' out on your money? Are you makin' any money?" I said, "Not very much," and he said, "Well Bus is puttin' it all under his mattress." So anyway, I cornered ol' Bus about it. And he said, "I been skimmin' some," and he handed me \$200 and said, "There's your part." "If you're good enough to give me back \$200, you must have at least \$2,000." "Well," he said, "That's all I skimmed off." I said, "I think what you better do is dig up enough out of what you skimmed off to pay me for what I put into it. Then you can have the licence and I'll get out of the business."

It didn't take him too long to dig up what I had put into it—about \$3,000. So he skimmed off enough to pay me off. I never got any money out of it. Anyway the license was made out to me. He had the city fathers come to me and say, "We don't think you are a very good proprietor, so we think we better give the license to Bus Eldridge." [Note: Dick had it in the winter of 1952-1953.]

DB: How long did he run it?

Dick: I don't remember who took it over from there.

DB: Well, Ren Samuels had it.

Dick: No, I think when Bus left there it went out of business. I think that is when Sam Snyder went in there.

DB: Well, Ren had it for quite a long time

Dick: Well, he must have gone in after we left or was there before.

DB: And then York was in with him. Anyway Darrell King told me that they were in it together. Ren ran it most of the time, and York and his wife went in and cleaned it on Sunday when they were closed. One time York and his wife were going somewhere on Sunday, so they went up there after they closed on Saturday night to clean and found Ren and an Indian having sex on a little bed in the back. York, or his wife, was so upset, he made Samuels buy out his part.

Dick: Could be. Old Sam Hatch and Johnny Bennion and my dad... I had him housed in the Commercial Hotel. I paid little Francis Trujillo to dress him. I would bring him there to watch those guys. I let him play a little poker, but I had to quit cause he held his hand out where they could see it. He was just too old.

Daun DeJournette: Which one was it you said Seth Bullock and May Jorgensen got in it at?

Dick: It must have been there because May and John Jorgensen owned the joint. Old Seth Bullock would come in there all dirty with his big stomach and she said, "That stomach looks like a belly on a pregnant woman." He said, "Yes, and you don't know how many pregnant women that belly's been on."

DB: When you knew where Al Hatch had his pool hall, it was across the street [east side of Vernal Avenue] and it burned down, and so he moved to a little shack out behind the pool hall. Then they built the Shamrock. But Darrell told me he was in a building that connected to the Bank of Vernal.

[Note: Al Hatch had a beer joint and a gambling place in the N.J. Meagher Building on the east side of Vernal Avenue. You went upstairs at 15 South Vernal Avenue. Later on, N.J. made it into a rooming house. Then they built the Shamrock.]

Dick: Years ago, when I was just a kid, there was a doorway on the south corner of the Bank of Vernal, and it went upstairs. Upstairs was what they called the Commercial Club. When I was going down to the Central School, I could go up there at noon and step in there and my dad would be playing poker, and I could get a dollar chip from him and go cash it in and have a dollar. Sid Morrison and I don't know who all ran it. I was only six or seven years old. But the men would laugh when I came in. They knew Dad would give me a chip.

DB: Darrell said Hatch had one just below the Bank of Vernal.

Dick: One time Evan Atwood, Loran Atwood, and their dad, Leonard, opened up a card game. There used to be a little white building that was one time a little café. A little shepherders' café. They made sourdough biscuits and everything and all the herders and sheep men would go in there to eat. Then, one year, Atwoods, Evan, Loran, and their dad, Leonard, went in there and put

in a card game. They just played poker in there. Before the café was in there. They just got a licence for a card game and ran competition with Kempton and the Brown Derby. Ray Roberts right against Warren Kempton [Brown Derby] and across the street was Evan's and his dad. [Note: Kempton's was on the east side, Atwoods' on the west side.]

DB: Kempton used to be across the street at one point.

Dick: They was always over there by the Brown Derby as long as I can remember. There used to be an old hotel there. What was the name of that?

DB: Well, there was the Central Hotel upstairs above Collier's Furniture and later Sears, and then there was the old Vernal Hotel down on the corner.

Dick: That old hotel [Central Hotel] was in that same building that Bud Hacking has his in, I guess. I can remember when old Tex Davis and Pearl Jackson got married. They spent their honeymoon up there. You could always see them sticking' their heads out that window up there.

DB: It must have been the Central Hotel then.

Dick: It was in that same building, in the bottom, Warren Kempton and Hacking on the north.

Daun: And Evan Atwood?

Dick: No, Evan Atwood and his dad was across the street [on the west side]. To start with, that old lodge building that used to be there. That's where Russ [Russell] Montgomery first started his business. The first coyote hide I ever sold was to Russ Montgomery when he first come to town. I went in there and him and his family was living in that old Odd Fellow building and he had the flu, and I went in there and showed him my hide, and he gave me a dollar for it. He was still in bed. It wasn't long before N.J. Meagher staked him to his hide and fur business. It wasn't long until he moved across the street in that old tin warehouse [it later burned down] just north of where the Brown Derby sat and that's where he had his hides and furs and stuff. He was first in that old Odd Fellow building and I think that was the same building where Atwoods and them were.

Then, up the street Johnny Milburn had his harness shop. I remember dad doing business with Johnny Milburn. He bought a short latigo strap [that a cinch attaches to] and, hell, it was cut about half in two when he went to use it. I was with him when he took it back and he said, "Take a look at this. It's cut about half in two. It's no good to me." Johnny Milburn threw it to the end of the building and said, "Well, it won't bother you any more." So, he gave him a new one. But he used to sell them pocket knives with a lifetime guarantee on them. Dad always went there to get him a knife. It comes back to me that's where the bakery was right in that same area.

DB: George Adams had a store up toward the bank and it was right up there somewhere that Derrell said Hatch started and then he went across the street and when it burned down he came back across the street and built the Shamrock. Rhoda DeVed told me that her dad told her that there used to be some kind of a thing down in that Odd Fellow building, before Russ was in

there. There used to be a little saloon type thing they called the Red Onion and they held church upstairs.

Dick: That was before my time.

DB: Well, tell me about the Tar Paper Saloon.

Dick: Well, all I know is my dad bought that place up there for his first wife.

DB: You mean up in Brush Creek?

Dick: No, over on the Park Livestock Ranch in Brown's Park. So he brought her over here to Vernal and bought that little house for her where Daphne Cooper lived.

DB: Where is that?

Dick: Up across the street from that trailer court [the old Fairview Trailer Court]. The house is still there.

DB: The house that's still there. Would that be where Kay Campbell's daughter lives?

Troy Burton: No, that's ol' "Ang" [Angus] Slaugh's house.

Dick: No. You know where Max Rasmussen lives? Then there is a whole field and it's the very next house east from there.

Daun: And the saloon was behind that.

Dick: Dad bought that house and put his first wife, Maggie, and his little daughter, Edna, in there.

Troy: That would be Aguilar's place now.

Dick: In behind that is that little gulch bottom where they used to have that brick makin' stuff. Down underneath the house settin' down in there was that tar-paper building. So some of those guys proposed to my dad that it would make a good dive. About that time they had outlawed all the gamblin' in town, so they decided since it was out of the city limits, it would be a good place to have a gamblin' joint and sell booze and have a real good time. My dad, they talked him into the notion of buyin' the whiskey and settin' it up and Bert Singleton and Jess Hainline, he left him there to tend the bar. [Note: Bert Singleton run the gambling house and Jess Hainline served the booze.]

Anyway, they started up that Tar Paper saloon, and I guess they was doing a good business and when Dad came back to town they told him his wife was queen of the ball down there. So Jim Nick, [Jess Hainline], and Hugh Johnson told me that Maggie was swingin' em'

high and low down there. When my dad came back from Brown's Park, he divorced her and put a stop to it. He closed it down.

Daun: What was that story about the mop and the lady? It was such a good story.

DB: Did you put that story in your book?

Daun: Not in our book. Look at that Tar Paper Saloon story in the book.

Dick: That guy that drove that whiskey wagon, Jess Hainline...

[End of side one.]

[Side 2.]

Dick: Your Aunt Doris knows his name. He used to stay there at her place in that..

Daun: Oh, Jess Hainline.

Dick: One year Jess Hainline, who lived up in the little log cabin on Allan Davis' place, Maud's father... Daun, your Aunt Doris knew him. He is the one that Dad [Ford] had as the bartender. Worked for a long time for my dad. My Dad brought that load of whiskey up Sear's Canyon [for the saloon]. He was drunk, and he stopped and hid [buried] that five gallon keg down there and told 'em said, "We'll get that when we come back and take it down to the ranch [that's the Park Livestock] and have it this winter." So when he come back, it had snowed on the ground, and they had to move the sheep back down on the park. He couldn't find it, he didn't know where he hid it [buried it] and he could never find it. I guess it is still there today. We all looked for it for years, but never could find it.

DB: He was bringing the load of whiskey to Park Livestock?

Dick: No, he was bringing it to Vernal for the Tar Paper Saloon, but he owned the Park Livestock Ranch and had his sheep there. The sheep camp and sheep was in Sear's Canyon, and by the time he got there, he was pretty swaked and they set up most of the night drinkin'. The next morning he didn't know if he could handle four horses or not, so he asked this Hainline to come to Vernal with him. He left [Bill] Luckinbill there with the sheep. He decided when he got the booze unloaded and set up [in Vernal] that he would leave Hainline there to run things. He went back with a load of supplies for the winter at the Park Livestock ranch and sheep camps. He had Bill Davis with the sheep out there.

DB: Where did Hainline come from?

Dick: He must have come from Vernal. He was a local yokel from here.

Daun: I can get you some information on him from Aunt Doris. [Note: He worked with Jim Walse on Blue Mountain and fished at Whiterocks with Hugh Coltharp. He married Ettie Allred in 1900 in Vernal. Where he came from is unknown, but he was in Vernal and area surrounding for a long time. He lived in a log cabin on the Davis place for a long time. He was born in Pennsylvania in about 1864.]

DB: What was he doing out there?

Dick: Well, he was workin' for my dad. He had been herding sheep, but he happened to be there with Luckinbill when Dad came along with the wagonload of whiskey through the canyon.

DB: Can you think of any more? Did you ever go in the Uintah Saloon? Jim MacKnight's?

Dick: No, that was before my time. I can tell you a good one that happened over there at the same place that happened with Mrs. Stringham [Collier & Woodard Saloon. This saloon was located on Main Street, about 50 East Main.]. We was all there one day a drinkin' beer and havin' a good time. Albert Nash, you ever here of him? He had a hump back. He belonged to Mrs. Corless [Charlotte Middleton Nash Corless], Doc Middleton's sister. Down toward the dump. This side of Frank Hartle's home, and Mrs. Corless lived just west of there. She married John Corless. Her first husband was Joe Nash, and he lived in that Tar Paper Saloon before my dad got it. He lived in that shack and after we got it, he moved back down with Mrs. Corless and Fred Coats, her son from her first husband. Anyway, we was all over there a drinkin' beer and Albert Nash got the diarrhea and someone was in the restroom with the door locked. Someone told him to go across the street to the old bus stop [Fountain Café]. He ran across there and it was closed, and he just shit his pants somethin' awful. It was in the summer time, and he had a pair of white pants on. Oh boy, they was just wrecked. So some of us guys threw in a \$1 apiece and went over to Ashtons and bought him a pair of Levis.

DB: When you were over to Myton, do you know approximately what year that would be?

Dick: About 1949-1950. I know I wasn't married, and that very same trip, I had a bed out in my mother's garage. I stayed with my mom, so me and Hunt, when we got home, went out there and got in my bed. My mother got up the next morning, and she looked at Hunt's cloths all dirty with grass stains all over them. He'd had his suit pants. So, she gathered all our clothes up, put them in the trash and went to town and bought some Levis and threw them there on the bed. I'll never forget Hunt said, "But Mrs. DeJournette those were my suit pants. They could have been cleaned." She said, "I don't give a damn if they was yer suit pants, they looked like hell."

DB: Was that after he was married to Minnie?

Dick: Oh, hell yes. It didn't make any difference.

DB: Did you ever hear the story about that man in the Shamrock shooting up through the ceiling and hitting in the mattress of the bed?

Dick: Yes, I heard that story but I don't know anything more about it. That ol' Hunt Watkins, I hung around with him and he had that girlfriend in Salt Lake, and he would spend hundreds of dollars talkin' to her on the telephone. I don't know how he paid the bill. I'd joined the Empire Club down there and sometimes I'd deal twenty-one for them and he be down there all night talkin' to this girl on the phone.

Minnie she came there and she had been drinkin'. She came in there where I was at the bar and she just popped everything off the back bar. Hunt just slapped the hell out of her. She said to me, "Why didn't you help me? Fine friend you are." I just said, "Hell, I wasn't gonna get the hell slapped out of me just because you and Hunt was havin' problems." And she said, "Well, you should have done something to help me." I said, "Well you hadn't ought to have come in here throwin' a fit like that."

Well, anyway, Hunt said to me... You see I wasn't married at the time and I had a room up above the Shamrock. Hunt and Minnie lived in one apartment and Al Hatch and his wife lived in the other and I had what they called the sleepin' room. Hunt said, "Hell, Dick, I'm gonna take off and go to Salt Lake. You take care of Minnie." I said, "Well, I guess I can take care of Minnie all right." So me and Minnie, we'd get drunk, and one time we went down to her girlfriend's house. I don't remember her name. She lived down in that old Remington House. We was there partyin', dancin' back and forth, doing a chain dance or something. It was Christmas.

When Hunt came back he said, "Well, Dick, maybe you better move out." I said, "Move out of where?" Hunt said, "Out of your little room." I said, "Okay there's lots of rooms around Vernal I can say in. Why?" He said, "Well, I heard you and Minnie had been havin' quite a time up here and I think maybe you just better move." I said, "That's what I'll do." It went on a little longer that day and I was down there havin' a beer. And he said, "Dick I have changed my mind. You can stay there and take care of Minnie and I'll just go back out to Salt Lake."

DB: Did she know he had a girl out there?

Dick: Hell, yes, she's take sleepin' pills and everything else.

DB: Tell me about the Empire Club. How did it get started and what about it.

Dick: Well, I guess probably Hunt, Ray Roberts, George Erikson, Ralph Rolfe, Ivan Slaugh, others and myself had quite a lot to do of gettin' it started. The oil boom was goin' on at that time. They had a lot of big shots stayin' in the hotel. What was that guy that killed himself up in little basin?

Daun: Voorhies?

Dick: [A.P. "Press"] Voorhies. He had the biggest old diamond ring you ever saw. And I wore that around for a week. It must have cost him twenty-thousand dollars. He let me wear it. He was just a member.

DB: Vivian Voorhies' father-in-law lived there on Main Street.

Dick: Yes, I could tell a story about that.

Daun: You better not. Did he have a lot of money?

Dick: Yes, anyway he thought he did. He was in there and Wiley Baucum was in there. George Erektion was workin' for Hunt, and Ray Roberts was down there part of the time, and Ralph Rolfe was down there part of the time. Ralph was the main bartender.

DB: Did you have to be a member to get in, or did they let everyone in?

Dick: No, you had to be a member.

DB: What did you have to pay for a membership?

Dick: I don't know. \$25 or \$50 or \$100 dollars. I don't know. I was one of the charter members of it. Nick Meagher was a charter member. I got into a poker game one time and you had to have \$10,000 to get in. Hunt said, "I'll hold your check if you want to get in." Stayed in there about an hour. Counted my chips and I was out about \$1,000 so I got out.

DB: Did they have gambling tables and sell drinks or just what?

Dick: They had a twenty-one table and a poker table and danced in there.

DB: All in one room?

Dick: Well, the dance floor was sort of separated from the bar.

Daun: Were Peases in there?

Dick: Yes, I imagine they were charter members. Stewart Ashton and everybody that was anybody went in there. There was a little secret sleepin' room right across the hall for the members.

Daun: Carolyn Duke knew all about it and Ralph Rolfe.

Dick: That was right in the bar where I saw 'em doin' that.

DB: Tell me about Bill Weeks place.

Dick: Well, me and old Bill Weeks was pretty good buddies. One time I was stayin' there at my mother's and the phone rang, and Bill Weeks was callin' from jail and wanted me to come get him out. They caught him for sellin' booze down there. I went down there and bailed him out. Herb Snyder was sheriff and he said, "You gotta be careful bailin' Bill out. I wouldn't be surprised if you weren't right in with him." I said, "Hell, I was just doin' a freind a favor." "All

right,” he said. So one night I was sittin’ down there and Bill and his wife was having a big fight. Bill turned to me and said, “You take her.” I said, “Hell, I don’t want her. What do you want to give her to me for? I don’t want her.” “Well, somebody’s got to have her and you ‘re my friend. You have her.”

DB: What was her name?

Dick: She ended up with nothing but wrinkles. What was her name?

Daun: Did he have a little bar there?

Dick: Yes. What did they call it? Bill’s something. The building is still there. This woman came from Oklahoma.

DB: Yes. Her daughter, Joanne, married my cousin, Guy Karren.

Dick: What was that woman’s name?

DB: That wasn’t his first wife, was it?

Dick: No, he had several. But that dad of his was the biggest woman chaser in Vernal.

DB: What was his name?

Dick: His name was Ally Weeks. They called him “Stovepipe.” He chased more young woman.

DB: His son, Otis, was a woman chaser, too.

Daun: I bet Alta would know what Bill Weeks’ wife’s name was.

Dick: For hell sake, don’t print this.

DB: Oh, I won’t.

Daun: Well, it is history

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DB: Do you know when he opened that bar?

Dick: It was open in the ‘40s and ‘50s. It was in the ‘50s when I remember bein’ there. I got in a fight with Teddy Ray Cloward down there. He was in a cast to his knee. We got into it, and I don’t remember what it was over now, but we was raisin’ hell in there, and they called the law. They put us in the police car and hauled us to town. Oh, I know what it was about. Mary’s [Mary Cloward Siddoway] brother that he was with, Ira Searle, and they was drunk, and we got into a tangle someway. So, Ira Searle took a swing at me and I hit him. They both jumped on me and about that time they called the law. Teddy had just got out on probation and he said, “Please, Dick, don’t turn me in as causin’ this problem or I will go back to jail.” I said, “Well, I sure as

hell didn't cause it." He said, "Well, please don't turn me in." I said, "Okay, then we'll blame Iry." So when we got to jail, Teddy said, "I didn't cause it and Dick didn't cause it." And so I said, "Well, I guess Ira was the one that caused it." So they threw him in jail. After that I found out later [Mary had to go down and bail him out].

[End of tape.]